

THE ADAMS FAMILY



DEC 92.....

ISSUE 5..... 50p.....



**SUSPENDED
AGAIN !.**

WYCOMBE WANDERERS FANZINE

THE ADAMS FAMILY

The Adams Family
Broddick House
Brambleside
HIGH WYCOMBE
Buckinghamshire

Greetings, and welcome to this, the fifth issue of The Adams Family, read by players and supporters alike. Obviously at the moment it's a great time to be supporting The Blues, however it can have it's frustrating moments. one point out of six against lowly Stafford and Runcorn was reasonably depressing, but on the whole the outlook is promising, and no, don't worry about Sl**gh T*wn.

Hopefully as you read this, we'll be joining the big boys in the third round of the FA Cup! Well, who knows, it's a great divider (shut up Motson!) and one thing is for sure we won't lose 8-0 like a certain shoddy local outfit.

Anyhow back to this issue- in it you will find much of the same wit and wisdom as in the last issue- all quality stuff. However this doesn't mean we don't need your input- we do. Any articles serious or otherwise- send them in- it's all well received. Hopefully by the next issue we will have a PO box number and subscription rates, whilst keeping the cost down at the recession busting 50p. Read and enjoy- cheers TAF.

Photo courtesy Bucks Free Press

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Outlets On matchdays outside the ground or through the post from The Adams Family address. Now available from **WYCOMBE WINES** Crendon Street, High Wycombe.

TERRACE TATTLE

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Firstly a moan. Words come down that a few faceless individuals were complaining about the standard of my last missive, claiming it used too much bog-standard English. Well stuff you guv'nor, I'm a "Poet of the People", (well it sounded better than illiterate anyway !).

As I'm short of space I'll stray from the usual format and mention a few high and low spots from the last two months.

Anyone remember the game at Kettering ? Yes I know it was ages ago but I've a confession to make. This was the first time in my WWFC history where I've not been a terrace lad, but infact a sold out stand man! I just hope you can find it in your hearts to forgive me, but I've always wanted to SEE a match at Rockingham Road. Assuming this is our last year in the GMVC, I had to do it, sorry.

Personally the low point for me had to be the awayday at Bromsgrove. As if the result wasn't sad enough, we all had to contend with the pathetic little ground, refereeing of a lower standard than Royston O*****'s and in the second half the presence of the most Neanderthal home fans I've ever had the (dis)pleasure of standing with. If that is the sort of ignorant NF skinhead tossers that are going to appear at our games when the Premier League has a Saturday off, then I'll be thinking about taking one off myself.

Unbelievably, at the end of the game, many of you will have witnessed the ball-boy making various obscene gestures at us. Now normally I'd not be fazed by this prattish Incident, but It was later pointed out to me that a couple of loyal Blues fans were nicked for teaching, quite rightly, the lad a lesson in etiquette. Now I've always believed that it was club policy to ban anyone arrested and convicted at matches for life, from Adams Park. So if these supporters, who've been following Wycombe for many a year

now, were found guilty I sincerely hope that a certain director, who, writing in the next weeks programme defended Jason Cousins' after match abberation, will speak up just as strongly against such a ban. Anything else would be sheer hypocrisy for, as we all know, supporters receive as much provocation as players.

Anyhow, there have been plenty off highs served up by Martin and the boys, to cancel out such lows. My fave was the charity shield game against C***** United, just great to see them on the receiving end at last. The only shame was the lack of United fans there to see it, choosing to stay at home with their rug making kits, or something like that.

Recently though, I would say that the matches have become more exiting, due to the fact that other visiting clubs are refusing to lie down and die as they did earlier in the season. So the next time it's two one with ten minutes to go, you're on your fifteenth cigarette and your voice is slaughtered, don't moan at Martin and the lads, thank them for the excitement they're giving us. Talking of moaning, I was a tad out outraged at Martin's outburst in the midweek, but after he explained himself it has to be said it was a genius move, as the atmosphere at the Merthyr game was fantastic.

Also, why do we let all the grizzly supporters get away with abusing Steve Guppy? O.k. so perhaps he's not on his best form at the moment, but show me another winger who tackles back and gets hold of the ball as much as our Steve, then I'll listen. Until then I call on you, if you agree with me to abuse these folk, as loudly as they abuse "Gupps".

I'll leave you with my wish for '93, that the blue's, above all, win the G.M.V.C. and that Ivor, Martin and the players are all granted the freedom of High Wycombe, thus enabling them to drive sheep down the High street whenever they damn well like!

cheers m'dears,

PREPARE YOURSELVES FOR SCOTT MANIA!

I, along with many of you I'm sure, feel that Keith (SAVIOUR) Scott has had a rough ride in past publications of T.A.F., and it's about time things were put right. We at T.A.F. like to think that we are not narrow-minded whingeing gits, and believe we have many varied point of view. My point is that Keith Scott is brilliant! (FACT).

The guru is not as generally believed overweight, merely generously built. When he's running towards goal, he thunders through the hapless defence like a Chieftan tank, destroying any obstacles in his way. Then when in range, the Blue Army assume that he's going to shoot wide, but no, Scottie blasts the ball with perfect accuracy behind enemy lines and into the back of the net.

Remember also, Keith Scott is the man who waved the Charity Shield in the faces of the defeated Col***** fans, after his cunning head flick-ons destroyed Uniteds midfield like every other team he plays against. When the man rises for a header, it's with the athleticism and grace of a salmon leaping upstream. His famous limp has bemused many opponents, every game Scott fakes a damaged leg and pretends to be out of breath. Then when his victims are convinced that he's knackered, he pounces like a wild cat and rips them apart as yet another truly majestic strike hits the target.

Scottie's not only the butter on the bread of Wanderers, he's the cheese that makes Wycombe such a relishing team. So what if he's missed a couple of penalties recently, obviously the ball was out of shape from his last meteor of a shot.

If you didn't agree that Scottie is the finest player we've ever had before reading this, I'm positive you do now. Old Bodger just doesn't compare to him Grandad! We at T.A.F. raise our Guinness's to a legend of a player of whom we are surely NOT WORTHY.



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JUST THE TICKET



So West Bromwich, what a great draw. We at T.A.F. have been contacted by the W.B.A. fanzine for directions to Adams Park and they said themselves it's not an easy draw. As we know tickets have been hard to get (and as I write I haven't got one, yet). Season ticket holders and Leagueline members are entitled to theirs early, but why did the club not use the cup coupon idea as before. A big game attracts a big crowd and regulars may well miss out. Coupons handed out at the entrance to maybe five games could allow true fans a chance to queue up before the remaining tickets go on sale. Or maybe coupons in programmes would surely boost programme sales. I never buy a programme, and the chance of getting in to a cup game easier would have found my hands in my pockets, grabbing my pound, I'm sorry one pound twenty. Lets hope when we get to the next round (positive thinking) the club put this into action.

Foul! Soccer sale prank

A JOKER put a soccer club up for sale for £50. His local-paper ad said: "Clockwork clowns. Set of 11" and gave the phone number of Colchester United.

Club boss Roy McDonough said: "I don't see the funny side."



Womb
erers



THE BOOK TOWER

In the last T.A.F. a new book was mentioned, this book now has a name, "OUT OF THE BLUE". The book has been written by Pete Lansley, B.F.P. sports reporter, and it gives an excellent insight into the last three seasons. Each chapter is dedicated to certain parts of the recent history, such as the Nicky Evans saga and the journey of our successful F.A. Trophy year. Facts come in abundance, some we were never told, others that have only come to light after much research and discussion that has gone on with management and players, past and present. The book will only be available on paper back and really is a must for all Wycombe fans. Pete has managed to write in a style that explains what has gone on in the club over the books time span, in a way any fan should understand. While reading the chapter on the league fight with Col***** you are immediately transformed back to those last few matches, with all the comments that Martin made, giving us those rays of hope we had till the final tearful game. Players comment on the sadness they felt, as well as their thoughts on this season and the excitement they feel. Watch this space for more details, as well as the B.F.P. and W.W. programme.

In stark contrast, a book has already hit the shelves of W.H.Smiths called (I think) "W.W. IN CAMERA". This book is written by Philip Barker, a fan for 21 years, or so the book says. For Nine pounds plus, this book is by no means a necessity for a Wycombe fan. It is purely a pictorial history with 74 pages of postcard size photos and captions. This book bares no present relevance to Wycombe, but to someone who enjoys looking back, and I mean looking way back to the beginning, it should be a worth while buy. I'm not too sure about the quality of some of the photos, even the most recent ones look like there 50yrs old. Well it's not one for my bookshelf, so that still remains empty, but what you buy is not up to me. I'm just here to guide you. Have a look its up to you.

SUNDAY MARKET BLUES

The recent arrival of yet another great money spinner, namely the Sunday market in the Adams park car park, has raised a few eyebrows among the more traditional fans. These people see carparks as solely for the parking of cars, and refuse to accept that this narrow minded, bigoted behaviour is repressive and could stifle the car parks personal growth, leading to it having a poor self image and unable to rise above the lower echelons of traffic control. This could equally be said about Dave Basset, but I'm not saying that.

To get back to the main item, recent reports have come to our attention from various sources that show the true picture of the Sunday market. Where as before it was thought that Wycombe was a "financially viable" club, recent rumour has revealed that the club is in fact broke!

The apparent problem came with the recession, the club managed to back a very dodgy company wanting to set up a doughnut bar in Spain. What looked like an inside job, broke the company when it's first ten ton shipment of prime doughnuts mysteriously disappeared from the very club carpark that paid for it, when the driver stopped off to buy some "Wycombe Wanderers knickers" for the fine Spanish chicks. Although the truck was not moved, all the doughnuts disappeared in a matter of minutes, yet no-one says they saw anything, or anyone suspicious. Police tried to question Scotty, but he insisted his sugary fingers were due to the fact that he and Westie had been doing a spot of home baking.

This mysterious, tragic loss not only caused a great deal of embarrassment for the club, but also meant that the money had to come out of the players pension fund, as is modern business practice. This left the players without a pension, and for some local hero's this meant crisis! So....enter the market.

The club came up with idea that the players could rebuild the pension fund themselves, by

posing as innocent market traders and selling all the things you don't want, but think are so cheap you're stupid not to buy at least half a dozen, when in reality you know in the back of your mind you'll never use any of it, and it will all reside in the back of a cupboard until the next harvest festival, jumble sale or bazaar.

But what can the countries brightest football hopes offer the secret world of Sunday markets, you ask? Read on and all will be revealed (well some of it anyway). It was agreed that each player would run a different stall except for Paul Hyde and Jason Cousins who insisted they had a great idea for working together.

Dave Carroll, decided to go down the cash and carry and buy the dodgy tins of beans and other stuff with strange labels on that only cost 10p a tin, so you think you bought a bargain, until you taste them and put the other five tins in the cupboard!

Big Glyn decided that he'd give the bloke he spoke to in the pub a ring, apparently he remembered the mention of "a good deal" on a new product hot in from eastern Europe, freeze dried whipped lard, sure fire big seller, Glyn was not worried about his pension.

Keith Scott wanted to set up a cake stall, but Martin refused to allow this mumbling something about, letting Oliver Reed loose in a distilary.

Paul Hyde and Jason Cousins' great idea involved an extortion racket, 10% off each stall or "things would get broken", but Martin found out, gave them both a clip round the ear and made them sell dodgy raincoats with fake designer labels that let the water in as soon as it even looks like rain.

The rest of the squad have other, dubious stalls scattered round the carpark, such as Kieth Ryan and his tatty shellsuits, Mark West and Kim Casey knocking out the "Ronco 'tash trimmer" as well as a rather large supply of a certain video we couldn't GIVE away.

A-Z OF NON-LEAGUE FOOTBALL

S- Slough Town:

Okay, I know it's not mind blowingly original, but let's face it if you're a true Wycombe fan you should despise The Rebels, our so called "Local Rivals". Their pathetic attendances are surely fit reward for perhaps one of the worst "stadiums" in Non-League soccer, and although they currently sit in the higher echelons of the Non-League pyramid, I am prepared to put money on the fact that they will fail to finish in the top 5. Whenever I think of the mouldy Wexham Park Stadium I relax by quoting the words of the poet John Betjeman "Come friendly bombs and fall on Slough".

T- The Tour Tee-Shirt:

I feel compelled to include this sorry item (which has tragically found it's way into our very own club shop) in my A-Z. Our terraces are being filled with people who are spending hard earned cash on this fashionless item. You know what I mean- the tee-shirt that looks like a bad road accident, the tee-shirt that could have been and probably was designed by a 5 year old going awol with a crayon. Is it some sort of fashion statement? I think not. Quite frankly I would rather wear a Tesco bag with The Sun printed on it, then again perhaps not.

U- Unsavoury Fans:

I hate seeing Non-League football being infiltrated by football "fans" who merely turn up for a scrap, basically because they feel they can get away with it in a small ground with very few Police i.e the racist thugs at Bromsgrove, ditto C*lch*st*r last year. Football doesn't deserve such cretins.

V- Voodoo Teams:

Cheltenham Town: In recent years this was one of the fixtures a Blues fan would look forward to but very rarely did we come away with three points, if any at all. Imagine our delight therefore when Cheltenham got relegated last

season- no more trips to Waddon Road- the most rutted pitch in footballing history, and hands up how many of you actually travelled there on that depressing night to find the match postponed. Mind you Cheltenham did supply us with that maestro of highlighted hair Sir Michael Nuttall when surely we were not ready for such style. Another voodoo side are grim northerners Macclesfield Town which brings us to W and a certain sad manager.....



PHOTOS FROM TRAINING.

Referee Scott blows up upon spotting the secret of "Thommo's" success.



A CHRISTMAS CAROLL

Picture the scene. King Ivor and his fellow directors deep in conversation in the boardroom. The players and management are shuffling around nervously in the bar. Just what could this important announcement be?

MARTIN O'NEILL: I don't think there's anything to worry about lads, they're probably going to give you a nice Christmas bonus.

SCOTTY: But boss, Brian Lee's still a director.

MARTIN: Ok, so it's probably not a bonus.

Suddenly the door opens and in walks Ivor with Brian in tow.

Ivor: Right attention everyone.

A hush hangs over the bar.

IVOR: Yesterday I received a phone call from the Bodger Horseman home for ex-footballing legends, and some of the old boys in there would love a visit from you lads. So what I had in mind was something like a Christmas play.

MARTIN: A what?! C'mon Ivor, we're a football team not a touring amateur dramatic society.

IVOR: (Slams fist on table) Enough! My mind is made up. Either rehearse now or Brian Lee sorts out your new pay contracts, any objections?

General mumbling but no open dissent.

Next day in the Vere Suite:

MARTIN: Now, we've sorted out all the roles, any questions?

ANDY KERR: Yeah me. I am not degrading myself by wearing greasy sack cloths and leather sandals, so you can stuff your panto.

A voice booms out!

BRIAN LEE: What was that Kerr? Do you want a thousand words laddie? Don't question my word ever again.

ANDY KERR: Sorry sir, I don't know what came over me.

MIKE PHILLIPS: Allwight, allwight, what part can I have?

MARTIN: Sorry Mike, but with your limited vocabulary I fear there is no call for you in this production.

MIKE: Allwight, you've been a great sport, anyone seen my golf bag.

DAVE CARROLL: Boss, (hands over a sheet of paper to Martin) that's how much I require for the lead role.

MARTIN: Lead role, what's that?

CARROLL: To play Jesus you peasant. That's the cash I require.

MARTIN: But Dave, I didn't actually have you down to play Jesus, I thought Matty would like to play that.

CARROLL: (obviously upset) Oh i see... Well i don't like to mention Dagenham and Redbridge, but unless a beefy roll comes my way...

MARTIN: Davie (whispers to Dave). The baby Jesus isn't an extremely demanding role, that's why I'm giving it to Matt. You can play the angel Gabriel.

CARROLL: I thank you.

MATT: Huray, Hydey I'm playing Jesus mate.

PAUL HYDE: In which case I shall be king Herod, thus making it my duty to tear you limb from limb with my bare hands.

Matty shows a spectacular turn of pace as Hydey chases him round the room with a knife.

MARTIN: Hey you two, cut it out now. Paul you won't be playing King Herod because I want you and Jason to be shepherds.

COUSINS: Great, can we sacrifice the sheep using unnecessary violence.

MARTIN: No I don't want you injuring Westie and Kim.

CASEY: A sheep, why must I be a sheep.

WESTIE: I want to be a wise man.

MARTIN: For starters Westie, I can't imagine a more unlikely wise man than yourself, and secondly the pair of you are always diving around on all fours when you play, so you should be a great partnership.

GREENE: Can I be the twelfth disciple.

MARTIN: I'm sorry Dennis but you're a few years previous with you're biblical history, how about a Shepherd.

GREENE: What, one with twelve fields and twelve sheep.

MARTIN: Dennis what's the fixation with the number twelve?

GREENE: I can't imagine Boss.

Suddenly "Ringin' the Blues" supremo Alan Hutchinson appears.

ALAN HUTCHINSON: Ah hello lads, great to see you. It's a smashing draw, it really is. But anyway, as a broadcaster I'd like the part of a bringer of news, I.E. the Angel Gabriel.

CARROLL: Sod off that's my part.

MARTIN: Er Dave, how would you feel about another part.

CARROLL: Dagenham and Redbridge, Barnet.

MARTIN: Couple of hundred quid.

CARROLL: Fair enough, Alan here's your script.

ALAN HUTCHINSON: Ho Ho, great little piece, exclusive, but anyway I don't need the script as I've written my own, would you like to hear it?

MARTIN: Shepherds over here.

Crease and Thommo appear.

STEVE THOMPSON: Sorry boss Scotty can't make it, but he sent you this message.

SCOTTY: (on video screen) Hello everybody, sorry I can't be with you, but I'm throwing a party to celebrate my return to brilliance, but as you've all got such little talent I haven't considered inviting you. Tarrah.

ALAN HUTCHINSON: Scotty, aha what a character.

CREASER: Get on with it.

ALAN HUTCHINSON: Right, here we go.

The lights go down, dramatic classical music erupts. A spotlight dazzles on the face of Hutchinson.

ALAN HUTCHINSON: Oh shepherds in the fields, guarding your sheep, I have great and important news. It's a great piece, and I'll tell you all about it after the capital league cup draw, and a bit of Rugby news, all while your being charged 48 pence a minute.

MARTIN: Oh sod this, even a Brian Lee pay deal is better than this. Come on lads lets go.

ALAN HUTCHINSON: Wait wait, I've not finished, I bring great news, Hey hey..... COME BACK!!.



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OF THE ADAMS FAMILY**

IN YER FACE

PENALTY COMPETITION

"Alwight, Alwight"-No frankly, Mr Phillips I,m not alwight, in fact I'm dying of boredom from your tedious Michael Barrymore impersonation and the fact that the prize is always a golf bag. That's no incentive for anyone to score goals, in fact most of the people probably miss on purpose so they don't win the bloody things!

Like "Allo, Allo", "Last of the Summer Wine" and Roger De Courcey, this format of half time clowning is truly stale.

Also, people who miss all five penalties, without the ball even touching the 'keeper are not great sports, they're just useless!

LOCAL RESIDENTS

I hear that these local residents are whingeing again about progress. These are the sort of people who in ancient times probably thought of the wheel as the work of Satan.

From what I can work out they're moaning about the increase of people using the roads in Sands. Listen halfwits, the public highways are just that, public! You'd be the first to moan if someone said YOU couldn't use a road, so go bury your head and stop complaining about what is a fine upstanding afternoon outing for many people, except local residents who stay in so they can have a good moan. (apart from my Dad, who lives locally, thinks that Adams park is well situated, and that Wycombe Wanderers are indeed the finest football team)

PARKING TIPS

As you know furniture entrepreneur Tom Fitzgerald guards his road space with big tin bins to stop you parking there. However, on windy days you can feel free to park there as (according to viz) he is the proud owner of a hair piece and thus is never seen on blustery days.

STEWARDS

I'm sick and tired of stewards. Every week you see them trying to get in on the act. Lads, when a player scores a pearl of a goal the fans want to see that man, not a greasy train spotter with a child's walkie talkie trying to get in on the act. Some stewards at Wycombe actually believe a yellow coat and bad acne gives them the very deeds of Adams park. Come on boys, do your job, but do it with HUMILITY.

HAVE YOU BEEN HASSLED BY A STEWARD? IF SO, DROP ME A LINE, ALSO CAN ANYONE TELL WHAT LEGAL RIGHT DO THESE NEON NIGHTMARES HAVE TO ACT LIKE THE POLICE?

WALLET BURNER

In the second issue of T.A.F. I mentioned Alan Hutchinson's Ringing the Blues. I suggested he was responsible for making most of the club's money. Well, fair enough we purchased such treasures as Thommo, but he does go on.

If like myself you have rung the line for the F.A. cup draw, you would have had to listen to something like this. "Hello, and welcome to ringing the blues on the day when we have an exciting F.A. cup draw. Yes, what a great draw, not an easy one, but never the less it's at home and we have a fair chance. Anyway, on to the Bob Lord Trophy, we have a draw for that this afternoon and you can catch that later on Ringing the Blues". So on, so on, so on. Meanwhile, your money is going and if, like me, you're in a call box with 50p you're not best pleased. He even mentioned the Nat West Cricket Trophy draw for next summer. Eventually, "Back to the F.A. cup draw and as I've said we'll love this one, at home and it's...pip pip pip pip Wycombe Wanderers Vs,...click". Money gone, I had to wait an hour to find someone who knew. Please say it at the start Alan and T.A.F. will leave you alone.

PRO'S AND CONS

I was browsing through an issue of 'When Saturday Comes' recently, when a letter from a Woking fan caught my eye. He points out the alarmingly obvious fact really, that surely only a professional footballer can be sent off for a professional foul? He does have a point - as its name suggests, a professional (i.e. deliberate) foul is one committed by somebody who plays the game by profession.

Okay, I dare say there's a few Halifax Town or Rochdale players who own a pub or have got a milk round to make ends meet, as it were, but basically Football League = Professionals, and Non-League = Semi-Pros or amateurs, am I right? Another point of contention that Mr.Bell (the Woking fan) puts forward, is that the attacking player, even if he is clear through with just the goalie to beat, often does not "constitute a serious threat to the goal" (as is stated in the F.A. Rule Book), citing his own team's Steve Milton as an example. I can't confirm this particular claim, but if you cast your mind back a few seasons to the days of Joe Blochel in a Blues shirt, and you saw him advancing on goal, you could confidently predict that he'd fail to beat the keeper 9 times out of ten. This is not a "serious threat" even in the broadest sense of the word!

While the standard of finishing in the Conference has improved quite noticeably in recent years, I'm sure there's many a useless tyke passing as a 'striker' in the Diadora League who would seldom, if ever, fall into the "serious threat" category. What is then the solution? Our correspondent from Woking comes up with an interesting theory - "Semi-Pros should be semi-sent off for decking semi-competent strikers. That is, they should be confined to the centre circle for the remainder of the game, to be dismissed in full for setting foot outside or committing any further offence." Not a bad idea really, as the offending player is often only some lumbering oaf of a centre-half who only normally ever sees the centre circle on the way up for a corner.

I recall Matt Crossley being sent off (totally unjustly!) at Barnet a couple of seasons back, after some home forward maliciously attacked Matt's elbow with his nose. Had Matt been confined to the centre circle for the remaining 25 minutes of the game, he may have proved to be the spur we needed to win - that extra man in midfield could have swung the game for us; you never know, Matt's passing and close ball skills may have blossomed to such an extent that he could have become a non-league Jan Molby - no, sorry Matt, I couldn't impose that on anyone.

If this seems a little bizarre, then maybe swapping the offending player with the goalkeeper would provide the crowd with a few thrills and spills, and also give the goalie a rare chance to get on the score sheet (naff off, Scott Barnett!). On a more serious note though, the F.A. could do a lot worse than look at the Rule Books of rugby for inspiration - both League and Union. The much touted 'Sin-Bin' has been in effect for a number of years in League, meaning offending players leave the field of play for 10 or 15 minutes for an offence and then return, having presumably had a shower, a change of shirt and a swift pint whilst away. This would also mean the introduction of a new colour card for referees - orange perhaps?



In rugby Union at least, the practice of moving a free-kick forward 10 yards certainly shuts up mouthy players who air their disagreement with the ref's decision - McKenna take note. This would certainly be feasible in soccer too - for a start, it would radically reduce the number of bookings/dismissals for dissent, as play goes forward 5 or 10 yards every time a player protests against a decision. Great fun to watch except when it's your team that has had a rough decision go against it.

What do YOU reckon? Have you got any ideas on how non-league footy or football in general might be changed for the better? Write to us here! All ideas printed - sensible or otherwise.

Bard 'Starred'

I feel it is time to boycott the match day programme. No, maybe not just yet, but any more Blue Bard and I will be faced with no alternative.

You see there I was, after the release of issue 4, sitting on the terrace smugly reading the programme. I demanded Managers notes, and I got them. Witty and concise they are too, Martin. I also called for Death to the Blue Bard- and the bard (so called) disappeared, but unfortunately not for long.

Therefore you can imagine my utter distaste when I opened the Wycombe versus Witton Albion programme to see "Poets Corner" staring out at me, surely Pillocks Corner would be a more apt heading. The Blue Bard was back, and soiling quality programme space with, quite frankly, the limpest poetry I have ever had the misfortune to read. If the man is taking the slash, then fair enough, it's a reasonable gag- but I fear he's serious, and if so I feel someone, somewhere should take action. In Shakespearian times I believe this man would have been burnt at the stake in front of hordes of cheering town's folk, chiefly for the audacity to call himself a bard, but also, and perhaps moreover his inability to write without any rhyme or rhythm whatsoever.

Luckily, for him, not us, mankind has come forward since such primitive times, but even so there is quite simply no excuse for such unadulterated rot. Poet- no, Pratt- yes. I think it's time to show your face, bard, or shut it once and for all. Watch this space for details.

MONEY FOR NOTHING

Why is it that a club as organised as WWFC can't manage to make sure that they have enough change on a matchday?

Two weeks running, I've had to pay a fiver to get into the Woodlands because by 2:45 they've run out of change. The club know that no one is going to miss a match for the sake of 50p, so if there is no change they can make an extra 50p on every fan going through the turnstiles. I'm not suggesting that the club do it on purpose, but I'm sure Graham Peart is not exactly unhappy about the extra revenue.

If they're going to take 50p extra off us one week shouldn't we get a credit note for the following home game? I know it's only 50p but if it happens every match, then after 9 games I would have paid for a game that I didn't see.

We've never had any complaints from punters buying TAF that we haven't got any change. Fair enough, we only need to make sure that we have change for 900 people at most, whereas the club have to cater for 4000+. However, it's a damn sight easier for the club to get change from a bank for a match day, than it is for us. I doubt Graham Peart has to queue up for half an hour in Nat West and suffer the embarrassment of asking for a 100 pounds worth of 50 pence pieces. He can just phone up the bank and have it delivered to the ground.

Another thing is programme sellers. The other week I attempted to purchase a programme outside the ground with 2 one pound coins. "Correct money only" came the reply. At his feet he had a bag brimming with so much change that it looked like the pot of gold at the end of a rainbow. I asked him what was wrong with it and he said, "If I gave you change everybody else would want it. It would be much easier if everyone had the correct money". It would be a damn sight easier if they kept the programme at one pound, after all it's no better, except of course for the "Blue Bard". Well paying an extra 50p to see a match is one

thing but two quid for a programme, sod that! So in the end I just read my mate's (this is a good way to save money, even if it is a bit tight fisted).

One last moan is raffle tickets. The other day I got a book of raffle tickets through the post with a nice letter asking me to sell them for the club. It's a bit of a bloody cheek sending them through your door expecting you to sell them. Maybe a better idea would have been to have asked for volunteers. Anyway, I took them back to the Commercial Office and told them that I wasn't interested.

I know clubs need money to survive but it seems that we have to constantly dig deeper into our pockets just to our beloved team.

Come on Blues, if we're supposed to have such a great professional set up you could at least make sure you have enough change on matchdays.

Give me space.

Many people (mainly grizzling local residents) have complained about the car parking problems at Adams Park. Well I'm sorry, but I can't actually see what the problem is. Most football grounds have a much worse problem than we do. We've got a car park for starters which, although it may not be very big, is more than many clubs have. Our biggest asset as far as parking goes is the industrial estate. So long as everyone parks sensibly (i.e not taking up two spaces) there is room to accommodate the average crowd

What really gets on my mammary glands is when at 2:40 you're driving around desperately trying to find a space and you can see loads of spaces around the estate but the smug, tight owners have shut the gates or parked a car across the entrance. Why? Do they think that all football fans are psychotic hooligans who are going to smash up and burn their industrial units. Remember the fire at last years F.A trophy game,

well it wasn't an insurance job it was actually a disgruntled fan who couldn't find a parking space.

1. SCOUTS CAR PARK:

I really hate the idea of paying some smug kid in a queer green uniform a quid. Paying one pound towards a local junior football club is acceptable but if scouts are so bloody well prepared why do they have to go round begging for our hard earned cash. It wouldn't surprise me if they nicked your tyres during the game so that they can make some tacky raft that will sink in the Thames.

2. THOSE 2 SECURITY GUARDS WITH THE DOG:

The older bloke looks like Lemmy out of Motorhead, as for the younger bloke, he went to the same middle school as me, and I can assure you he is not remotely hard. If you want to park in the car park that they are protecting, just chuck the dog a nice juicy bone and drive your car past those two security guards as I can't see them actually doing anything.

3. FITZGERALDS FURNITURE:

The bald old coot who runs this business (who incidentally won national fame for winning "the most obvious syrup wearer" in Viz) is a right snotty git. I don't know what he has against people parking opposite (yes opposite, not even on the same side of the road) his mouldy portakabin showroom. It's not even as if we'd be taking up parking space that customers would use, no one knows his showroom is there as it's hidden away in the middle of the industrial estate.

I've got a proposition to make. Before a certain match we should organise a demonstration. We could meet up outside Searles, smash their gates down so people can park there. Then we could march up to Fitzgeralds and throw those oil drums he uses to block off half the road over the fence, as a lesson to all tight industrial unit owners.

Until then, let's all help each other by being considerate when parking and leave room for someone else if possible. After all we are all on the same side.



Dr Willie Proctor

Hi folks- in my recent synopsis of football related illnesses (issue three) I touched on a certain illness of which there has been a quite horrific outbreak of in the Wycombe area, namely "black-country-meteorologogenesis". More commonly known as the fair weather or glory fan. Certain people get strange voices in their heads, and as a meteor rushes through space- this man finds himself rushing to Adams Park claiming that he's been a fan "Since the beginning"- hence the genesis. With cup fever breaking out in the town so has this illness, keep an eye out for it. Whilst queuing up for your ticket in future matches look out for these other ill beings.

1. The man in the suit and tie:

A local business man hoping to plug his firm and hence get in with the fans. Tom Fitzgerald for example, as long as the wind's not too strong.

2. Bodgerworlitis:

Watch out for the old boy who's wife is in hospital, and so are his two sisters. In fact his wife hates football, he hasn't got any sisters and his three mates are drinking ale in the nearest tavern no doubt rubbing their hands with glee as the old boy blags his way to more than the one ticket per person law by lying that all three ill relatives were present at the 1931 Amateur Cup Final and haven't missed a game since.

If you spot any of these in future queues drop me a line at the usual address and I will book them an appointment at my newly opened surgery.

Cheers, Willy Proctor.



Chuck Moussaddik
Shot-stopping keeper

Before all this, in the dying minutes of the first half, a corner saw Moussaka in goal pull off two excellent saves before Hanks reacted first to slam home. Morocco's number one was confident and competent in goal.



COMPETITION

WIN THE MARK WEST VIDEO!!! PLEASE, SOMEONE WIN IT SOON, IT'S QUITE GOOD REALLY

AMAZINGLY YOU, THE WYCOMBE PUNTERS, SEEM TO HAVE NEGLECTED THE CHANCE TO PICK UP SOME TOP QUALITY WARES BY NOT ENTERING OUR MARK WEST COMPETITION. WE QUITE HONESTLY HAVE GOT THE LOCAL HERO VID UP FOR GRABS IF ANYONE WANTS IT. OBVIOUSLY OUR LAST SET OF QUESTIONS WERE TOO TRICKY, EITHER THAT OR YOU DIDN'T FANCY CHOPPING UP YOUR FANZINES SO THIS TIME WE'VE COME UP WITH A COMPETITION SO EASY EVEN ANNABELLE CROFT COULD WIN IT.

YES IT'S A TREASURE HUNT!!

SIMPLY STUDY THE FOLLOWING CLUE THEN GO TO THE SPOT WHERE THE PRIZE IS PATENTLY HIDDEN AND SHOUT IN A LOUD VOICE "I'VE FOUND IT, I'VE FOUND IT, STOP THE CLOCK"

DON'T YOU JUST LOVE BEING IN CONTROL? HERE'S A SIGN THAT IT WORKS IN LOAKES ROAD.

SIMPLE OR WHAT? NOW GET GOING DOWN THE HIGHWAYS AND BYEWAYS OF BUCKS (BUT WATCH OUT FOR HARRY SECOMBE)

A tenner says I won't spill a drop.

